



Literary Supplement



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Henry Tompkins

by B. K. Sandwell in the Queen's Journal

THE proper title of this writing is, Henry Tompkins, or the Friend of Canadian Literature. Henry Tompkins was a friend of Canadian Literature.

Strictly speaking, he was a pre-natal friend, for he maintained that Canadian literature did not as yet exist, but that he was in favor of its existing.

When it began to exist, he said, it would be very important that it should be greeted by an intelligent public capable of telling whether it was Canadian literature or not. He proposed to be one of this intelligent public. There was no telling when Canadian literature might arrive.

More than that, things were constantly arriving which claimed to be Canadian literature, which Henry Tompkins believed were not Canadian literature; and there had to be an intelligent public to knock these on the head. Henry was one of this intelligent public. He rather enjoyed knocking the things on the head. But he did not read them. That would have spoiled his taste and rendered him incapable of telling the true Canadian literature when it did arrive.

And all the time Henry was consistently preparing himself to be a true friend to this true Canadian literature whenever it did arrive. He was a little better prepared every year than he had been the year before. He rather hoped that it would not arrive too soon, because he felt that the later it came the better friend of it he would be. Except that, of course, it would be too bad if it waited until he was dead. But that could hardly happen. Henry had read somewhere that the times produce the man, and somewhere else that the properly cultured public produces the literature. If Henry and his fellows kept on getting more and more ready to be friends of Canadian literature, then inevitably when there were enough of them and they were ready enough, the literature would appear.

So Henry went on preparing. Canadian literature would have to be judged by the standard of the great classics, so Henry read nothing but the great classics, so as to have standards by which to judge C. L. when it turned up.

Henry has been preparing ever since I know him. He is quite old now. For about thirty-five years I have been trying to get him to take a look at something Canadian, and he has always replied that it would spoil his taste, and that the classics took up all his time, and that when something really classic in Canadian literature appeared it would be time for him to begin.

The year that Lamppan's "Among the Millet" appeared he was too busy reading Collins and Gray.

The year that Isabella Valency Crawford's collected poems appeared he was reading the Percy Meliques. I tried to lure him in by telling him that Miss Crawford was dead, and so his reading her could do her no good anyhow, but it was useless.

The year that Charles G. D. Roberts' "Songs of the Common Day" appeared he was reading Shelley;

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Obsolete Political Satire

Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin, Edited with Introduction and Notes by L. Rice-Oxley, M. A. Published by Basil Blackwell, Oxford.

For one long term, or e'er her trial came,

Here Brownrigg linger'd. Often have these cells

Echoed her blasphemies, as with shrill voice

She scream'd for fresh Geneva.

Among the now generally known Percy Reprints has appeared the "Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin," a collection of satirical poems which originally were published in that great organ of

Midnight Mass

ALL afternoon George Parlowe had wandered from bar to bar, but when evening came he was not drunk, merely the fevering restlessness that for days had shaken him was dulled a little, so that he looked on the life about him with clearer more friendly vision.

"It is Christmas Eve," he said half-aloud, pouring the last of the beer into his glass.

There was no snow on the ground only mud and mist everywhere, but men grasped hands and shouted "Merry Christmas!" as they emptied their glasses.

The three men who wrangled in

a tide of people who walked swiftly, talking in low voices hurrying toward some common goal, and with little curiosity but with a sense of resignation, turned and merged with them.

"Mob psychology," he told himself, "I am anxious to become one of the pack."

His interest quickened as a grey building loomed before them out of the misty night. There would be rich music here and prayer. Perhaps he, too, could pray, though the ritual would be new to him. Perhaps again he could warm his chilling spirit. People closed in about him till he was wedged into a small crowd that awaited the throwing open of the doors. A stream of people were passing in through a side-door. They were the pew-holders.

"It's just like going to the opera," said a girl behind him in a loud whisper, "only we got to take rush seats."

Her companion laughed. Parlowe felt an overwhelming desire to turn and speak to them, to be one with any of these human groups, to share their pleasure and their piety. But he knew he could not do that. Even though he should touch their hands and talk with them, he would still be alone—as alone as though manacled and buried away in solitary confinement. Every man was under sentence of solitary confinement for life even if he did not realize it, Parlowe thought.

He was dazzled by the light of candles that fluttered softly through the building as he followed down a long aisle behind a black-clad girl who already clicked her beads. From the far end of the building music surged up and about him and far above bells banged heavily. The long rows of pews were already well filled with kneeling people so that they went far toward the back before finding space. A white-robed acolyte hurried hither and thither. A rich baritone from the shadowy rear of the building poured forward the full-throated glory of "Adeste Fideles."

Through the innermost fibres of Parlowe's spirit the hymn tore its way, shaking him so that he could have wept. Visions and voices of other Christmases possessed him, changing as delicately coloured curtains change as they move in a breeze. Names that had been dear to him repeated themselves over and over. It was this for which he had come.

He was kneeling now close-crowded against a pillar with the girl in black at his side. Her head was half bowed in prayer and her fingers intermittently moved the heavy black beads, but her dark eyes shifted over the congregation toward the priest who moved through a mysterious ceremony where the light of many candles wavered. One arm was touching his; at the least movement he came in contact with her.

The congregation rose and recited a creed, bowing and swiftly weaving the sign of the Cross. Then a piercing string orchestra moved into the solemn music of the Mass. George sighed and bent his head. These stabbing, suddenly triumphant notes were beautiful, but they were alien to his memories and disintegrated them. The sweet nostalgia was passing, but it had brought peace and it almost seemed that the cravings of his heart were stilled; if he could make his way from

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TWO POEMS

by Vincent Starr

Nocturne

THE stars are gold pin-heads
Holding the purple curtain of the sky.
God was quite proud of His purple curtain
Shading the white light from the world at night—
But look!
Careless Jehane has touched it
With her cigarette,
Burning a hole in the lovely curtain,
Letting the white moon through,
Flooding the world with moon light,
Marring the purple perfection—
My, won't God be cross!

Interior

FIRELIGHT and candlelight
Gleaming in polished mahogany
Are moonlight and starlight
Across a water-lily pond.
The fat wife of a prominent banker
Drops a lump of sugar into China tea
With the inappropriate splash
Of a bull-frog plopping from a lily pad,
Wrinkling the white moonlight
And the yellow starlight
On the lacquered pond.

political reaction of eight months' duration "The Anti-Jacobin." The year in which the "Anti-Jacobin" was founded was 1797—a time when England was engaged in war with the new government of France.

During the first part of the French Revolution the intellect of England was largely in sympathy with the French republican party. Joseph Priestley, Richard Price, Erasmus Darwin, and Godwin were among the best-known English supporters of the revolutionary cause. Sermons were delivered on the subject of liberty, equality and fraternity, while magazines and periodicals containing Deist and Democratic views were much circulated. It was essential to combat this propaganda by another of an opposite trend of thought; William Gifford, Frere, and George Canning very happily chose the form of satiric poetry once used by Pope and later by Byron. Thus the "Anti-Jacobin" was started and, after a brief but lively existence, died; its memory has been preserved for us solely by the poetry.

Some of the satires of the "Anti-Jacobin" take the form of imitations of different types of verse at that era very frequently affected by poetical buffoons. Insofar as the "Anti-Jacobin" (Continued on page three)

strained monotonies became suddenly understandable;—pitiable, perhaps, but not the fools he had considered them half-an-hour ago. In their faces, in the dark face of the silent riverman seated opposite him he caught a gleam of beauty, like the sudden wash of sunlight upon dark and ugly buildings. Faces all about him, stupid, vacuous or weary, were touched with that fleeting glory and he caught his breath. Like a mirage cast for a moment on some desert landscape, it was instantly gone, leaving only the beer-stained, heavy-odoured unloveliness of wallowing humanity, but it lingered in George Parlowe's brain lighting the grey conclave of dreams and memories waiting there till they resumed their old raiment of poignant beauty. He picked his way between the close-set tables to the door and stepped out into the moist night.

He had been walking for hours through crowded, light-streaked streets when heavy bodily weariness turned his thoughts to home and his feet from the busy thoroughfare into a semi-dark side street. He must go "home"—to an empty room, bed. Christmas! George Parlowe sighed as the last vapors of his dreams dropped away from him like smoke. He met

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January 21, 1925

UTOPIANA

WHILE still smarting from the intellectual torture of having to cram for two examinations, with a success that is as yet doubtful, a dream of a fairer and better university and a fairer and a better student came to us in sleep.

We dreamed of a great university that should be builded in Utopia and be like that of which Newman has spoken in glowing words. The ideal had been attained in a very simple manner. Examinations were abolished, and compulsory attendance and competitive athletics done away with. Students no longer came to get a degree, nor studied to pass an examination paper.

They came only because they were curious about things, they wanted to get education, not marks, acquire a culture, not an efficient method of note-taking. Knowledge and a cloak of learning seemed more comely to them than a bachelor's hood or a big "M". They went to the lectures in which they were interested, and stayed away from those which were dull or unsuited to their needs at the time.

The students who came to college under this new regime were not the same who today keep just within the one-eighth limit and manage to secure forty or forty-one marks in their examinations. They were not the "collegiate set," but a body of young men and girls eagerly interested in life and learning, science, philosophy, art and literature. They came because of their interest in these things, and not because they wanted to play on the football team, or to have a four year's holiday, made comparatively easy by the sole necessity of getting forty percent in the bi-yearly examinations.

Then we woke up. Outside of dream consciousness the many obstacles to the establishment of such an educational paradise on earth made themselves apparent. Such an education must be free, because those most anxious and most fitted to obtain knowledge are very often the poorest.

This postulates either state control—socialism, or the discovery of a benevolent and open minded capitalist whose philanthropy, both in quality and quantity, would have to be enormous. But the greatest postulate of all is the postulate of the ideal student. The student at this University of Utopia would have to be one who studies because he loves his study, and who has the judgment and character to know what is good and to seek after it without supervision and compulsion. There are some such students as these, and it is solely for their benefit that such a university would be endowed, the others would be wasting their time.....

The best way, perhaps, to create the ideal university, is to make the best possible use of your own university, and for the wise and intelligent student McGill may become the mother of all learning, a sacred fount of holy lore, a temple of science, culture and art, the university of Newman's vision. The others are wasting their time.

A. R. Orage

The address of the distinguished editor of "The New Age" given last night at the Royal Victoria College came at a very inconvenient time to receive adequate notice here. As we go to press on Tuesday afternoon it was just too early for us to give a report of the address; and too late for any editorial urging on our part to the undergraduates to go and hear him, but, as this would most likely have fallen upon deaf ears, no great harm was done. We do, however, take this opportunity of paying our respects to the visiting English editor.

The Status of Capitalism

Gordon W. Leav.

The case for Capitalism by Hartley Withers and the Decay of Capitalist Civilization by Sydney and Beatrice Webb.

"THE Case for Capitalism" seems to me to be an unhappy designation. The mere announcement that an existing institution needs a defence, acknowledges defects. But Mr. Withers, in making but his defence, is perfectly willing to do this, and he does it in that simple unassuming manner that is all his own.

If I may be permitted to draw an analogy here, the plan employed seems as follows: Mr. Withers first sets about restoring order in his Capitalistic house, which has been sadly deranged by Socialist adversaries. He then carries a few moments to re-decorate it, and add further embellishments, generally, in boasting of the achievements of capitalism. Further emboldened, he at length sallies forth to demolish the stronghold of his enemies, State Socialism and Guild Socialism. This being done, we see him at the end, standing in their ruins, pointing with one hand in derision to the debris at his feet, and with the other in pride, to his own glorious structure (in the distance).

The author comes to the subject with an open mind. Capitalism is theoretically perfect—even more so than any of the alternatives offered. In practice, however, "a certain amount of robbery goes on in the backyard". But this is due, not to the system, but to the kind of people there are. Educate them, do away with the misunderstandings, and you abolish the evils.

Mr. Withers' actual claim to credit is his real defence of Capitalism. Most upholders of the present system are content with hurling invectives at Socialists or with picking to pieces the reform systems advocated. Very few ever attempt to justify Capitalism. Mr. Withers, however, takes every accusation and answers it.

Look, for instance at the reply to the charge that Capitalism is the father of militarism. After showing that wars existed many years before Capitalism, he says:

"What d'ye lack?" is Capitalism's cry, and when humanity said, 'weapons for killing one another, and see 'hat they kill by heaps,' Capitalism delivered the goods with a vengeance. If humanity will only ask for something reasonable, Capitalism, ever democratic and accommodating and anxious to please a customer, will oblige with equal readiness and success. Capitalism fears and dislikes war, because war means destruction, taxation, unrest and lack of confidence, and Capitalism knows that though it may seem to make big profits out of destruction it will pay heavily for them before the account is closed, and it can only earn a good living out of prosperity and peace and progress."

So he treats every argument—refreshingly simple, yet with conviction. But not content with re-establishing Capitalism into good faith, he goes on to show the "achievements of Capitalism," the various wonders it has done for mankind. Here, however, he causes the pendulum to swing the other way. One wonders if he doesn't go too far. Science, invention, education are all regarded as almost negligible factors alongside of Capitalism.

The boon of the present system, urges Mr. Withers, is the great increase

in population it has accomplished. Millions and millions of more lives have come into being due to Capitalism. Malthusians might question whether this is such a boon after all; but still there is a certain joy in seeing new, pulsating life throbbing all about you. In spite of Schopenhauers, life is a sweet thing, and a system that makes more of it possible has indeed conferred a favour upon mankind.

The last few chapters of the book, dealing with the defects of Capitalism are the weakest part—perhaps because there is little in them which is original. Mr. Withers harps on all the time-worn arguments against Socialism: lack of incentive, bureaucratic inadequacy, economic tyranny and the like. This last one seems to terrify him most of all. Look at this!

"To most of us, to find ourselves members of a notorious organization which regulated our lives from our birth to our death, telling us what work we are to do, what necessities of life we are to consume, and what pleasures we are to enjoy, would seem to be a gate under which, though we might get a much larger supply of some of the good things of life than we now enjoy, we should only do so through the sacrifice of all the freedom and fumbling and failure which make life worth living because they are our own fault and make men and women of us by testing us and battering us with our own blunders and teaching us to take risks."

Arguing thus, Mr. Withers is able to conclude that Capitalism may not necessarily be "the best economic system, only that it has worked wonders, and can work still better wonders in the future and that we cannot be sure that any other system that has yet been suggested will do as well" and which, after some minor remedies are applied, will go far towards "producing a world that should be not only rich, but also beautiful and noble, full of wise and beautiful and noble men and women, competing and co-operating for the common good."

This is the case put—gently and simply, but with an earnestness that is convincing. There are no indictments, no exhortations; I don't recollect seeing a single exclamation mark throughout the whole book, a fact to be remarked in a treatise of this sort.

When I had finished, I set down the book, not of relief but rather of content. As I toyed idly with the leaves, I wondered what had struck me most, when all of a sudden I saw it. On the title page was a quotation from Thucydides: "For men, and not walls, make a city." There I had the keynote; and as I turned over another leaf, I saw it again, heading the preface, staring me in the face, as ever after it ran through my mind: "To make a better world, we want better men and women. No reform of laws and institutions and economic systems will bring it, unless it produces them."

II

The various works of the Webbs are usually brilliant—to the point of boredom; they are very practical—painfully so; and they are very compact—making them heavy reading. It was with some misgivings, therefore, that I tackled this, their latest work.

I was agreeably surprised, however, to find this book written in a much lighter vein. After the Webbs' collection of material in their various industrial and social organization books,

(Continued on page four)

JAZZ

A Rhapsody in Blue

by Max

SUDDENLY sound leaps on
silence
stabbing it to death.

Shrill violins sinuously wind
Into the hot sweet-scented air.
Cruel and tenuous and sharp
Like thin tongues of flame;
Then slow and low and far away at
first
The deep black moan of one lone horn
Is born.
Solemnly writhing,
It comes slower than the double
Beat, beat, beat
Of drums.
It is cruel, scaly-headed cobra,
Hypnotised and swaying
To the drums
That are its master
Faster they throb, and faster,
Fasterfasterfaster.
—“And Papa loves Mamma too.”

A crazy savage in a jungle thicket
Cracks his black face in laughter,
Metallic, harsh, echoing eerily long
after—

This is the wild blare
Of saxophones.
A laugh half sobs
Subsiding into moans.

“S o m e body's wrong!
(Softly, slowly, gently—CRASH)
S o m e body's wrong!
(Slowly, softly, gently—SMASH)”

Strangely above the insistent pin-
pricks
Of the banjos
And the syncopated rhythm of the
drums
Suddenly
Articulation comes.
A long cry rising out of savagery
Calls us to forget the world,
And above the beat of the drums
A resonant twanging hums and thrums
And comes piercing into brains
Like the remembrance
Of old unspeakable terrible things.
Animals ecstasies known long ago
When the earth was hot and soft and
molten,
And women warmer and more pas-
sionate;
And the pulse skips a beat or two
And answers the call,
And eyes elisten and shoulders sway
Gleaming naked in a jungle far and
away
And our bodies listen, and we dance
till day.

And this is the song of the saxophone,
A sad laughter and a merry moan:

Tempo di Fox-Trot

“Wail for the world's wrong,
Or for a demon lover,
And then forget in song
That evil and the devil
Both are strong.
That your lover is as icy as the leprous
moon above her,
And your love itself as hopeless and
as wrong;
And when railing's unavailing,
And you see the waste of waiting,
And your bloody blues are paling
Like the lady moon at dawn,
Then make the heavens reel with a
crazy peal on peal
Of a daffier kind of laughter
Than a saxophone can steal.”

And we dance on
In a trance.
But before the dawn
Slow insistent rhythms quicken
And seem to thicken to a wild rattle
Of uncouth harmonies
That neither sicken nor displease;

We cannot choose,
But as a drunkard likes the booze
We like the blues:

A Kitten of the Keys of the grand
piano
Makes a wild Salome out of mild
Pollyanna.
And the plunka-plunka-plunk of the
tenor banjo
Sings this song to each Josie and Jo:

One-Step

“Oh!—
Mamma, but yo' sweet Patootie's got
the Blues;
Ah'm tellin' youse,
Yo' angel child is runnin', runnin'
wild;
Jest wet yo' thumbs
When that thrillin' throbbin' thrums,
Hums,
Strums,
Drums—
You low down bums,
Be a little bolder, shake a wicked
shoulder,”

Obsolete Political Satire
(Continued from page one)

in" made merry over the cumbersome
efforts at didactic verse of Erasmus
Darwin, the fantastic imitations of the
horrible Della Cruscan models and the
Chattertonian Middle English balladry,
it performed a most useful function.
Politically speaking, also the authors
of the "Anti-Jacobin"—may have been
of service, since without doubt their
efforts aided greatly in support of
Pitt and in condemnation of the great
Tory-baiter, Charles James Fox. It is
now open to doubt whether the rabid
enemies of Jacobinism helped in the
least in staving off the storm of blood
which was popularly supposed to be
blowing from France. The people at
large had little use for an English re-
volution, and what radicalism there
might have been was the talk of either
vaporious plotters' apprentices or aca-
demic Socialists and Anarchists of the
type of Paine and Godwin.

The great burden of fear under

MYSTERY

HEART, none can know your gladness. Even she.
How may she know what flashing fancies race
Behind the portals of a quiet face,
Belied by weakling words continually?
How know that her own smiles have set you free
From the dull, tuneless round, and given grace
To see life's loveliness in every place,
Rich heaven in the cloud, beauty in bird and tree?

Let some dream whisper it, so long untold.
How sparkling Love and her grave beauty sent
Deep to the heart's dark corners, wonderment.
Fresh floods of cleansing light, brave glints of gold,
And quickened there some prison'd ghost of charm
For her sake and for mine, and made it warm.

II

Yes, Love, my love is weak to say how strong
It is, or how the splendid hours now bring
Glory to match desire—the soul of spring—
Triumph and paean and superbest song . . .
Am I perhaps a churl, and do love wrong,
Gaining so much, and yielding never a thing
Beyond my spirit's muted thanksgiving
And wistful heart that cried to be given so long?

There wants the one last miracle, this heart
Voicing its joy, and singing gallant praise
Of her who alchemized its sunless days
And chaos with unconscious lovely art.
O happy debtor—with no world's expense
(She knows) your joy outsays all eloquence.

W. H.

Get a little hotter, not a little colder,
Learn to do the strut—
That's what ah wanta do, always
wanted to,
Nuthin' else but.
Hot mamma, but ah jest knows you'd
dance on yo' toes
If yo' shoes should refuse when yo'
hears them blues—
Those blue, blue, blue—hoos,
Blue blue bluey
Blue blue bluey blues.”

Shrieking squeaking fiddles cease,
And in the dim surcease of silence
Taut nerves find peace and strange
release.
Then lights die out, and underneath
the tropic moon
Large, yellow, glamorous, and false,
The mellow cellos croon
The passionate opening of a moon-
light waltz:

Tempo di Valse

“Cling to me with your white arms
wound around me,

Sing to me, bring to me your bright
charms that confound me,
And astound me with the beauty of
your body lovelily
Shining on the sight, a bright, white
love lily,
Beautiful and light, that maddens
while it gladdens—
For now
The mellow moon beams yellow on the
streams,
Dim gleams glint and tint the purple
night.
The magic night of June,
The far stars are lovely, and lovely is
the moon.
One loveliness alone is absent. Come,
love, soon.”

Young bodies,
Close pressed, cheek to cheek,
And knee to knee,
Dance gravely, passionately beautiful,
The music throbs like young blood
Beating from the heart
To bosoms, clasping hands,
And parted rose-bud lips.

which Canning, Ellis, and others
were laboring was also probably
either unwholesome or political.
There was then, as now, a constant
dread of foreign invasion, which has
continued in unbroken succession to
our own time. The object of this
dread has seemed to fluctuate with
the transference of commercial ri-
valry from one nation to another. As
admirable a character as Napoleon
was, it is now known that his genius
came far from being equal to the
task of conquering England—a land,
by its position, remarkably secure
from Continental invasion. Again,
of course, many English republican
enthusiasts, including among them
the unhappy Southey, whose trans-
formation from an admirer of John
Ball to Poet Laureate and biographer
of Nelson presents an amusing, al-
though distressing personal history,
after being the butt of the “Anti-
Jacobin” and also having eventually
become respectable, entered the ranks
of a narrow nationalism, and a com-
fortable conservatism.

To imagine that the pungency of
the satire of the “Anti-Jacobin” has
remained unassailed by age is to fall
into the error of many consistent
Tories. The appreciation of the “An-
ti-Jacobin” poetry requires an exact
and as penetrating a knowledge of
contemporary English society and
politics as that of Aristophanes does
of Athenian society and manners.
The only satisfaction to the casual
reader from the political references in
this poetry is an entertaining com-
parison between the nursery-tale
views of France and Frenchmen then
current in the Mother Country and
the present-day conceptions of the
bewhiskered Bolshevik thirsting for
Bourgeois blood and the avaricious
Jap-a-planning world conquest.

A. B. L.

THE WANDERER

THE ships are lying in the bay.
The gulls are swinging round
their spars;
My soul as eagerly as they
Desires the margin of the stars.

So much do I love wandering,
So much I love the sea and sky,
That it will be a piteous thing
In one small grave to lie.

—Zoe Akins

Henry Tompkins

(Continued from page one)

and the year of the same author's
“Heart of the Ancient Wood” he was
reading Daniel Defoe and Gilbert
White.

The year that Bliss Carman did
“Pipes of Pan” he was reading
Swinburne.

The year that Gilbert Parker did
“The Trail of the Sword” he was
reading Scott (no, not Duncan Camp-
bell).

The year that Duncan Campbell
Scott did “The Magic House” he
was reading Coventry Patmore.

The year that Emile Nelligan's
work was published he was reading
Baudelaire; the year that Paul Mor-
in's “Paon d'Email” appeared he was
reading Heredia; and the year that
“Maria Chappelaine” came out in
Montreal in French he was reading
Rene Bazin.

The year that Leacock's “Literary
Lapses” appeared he was reading
Swift and Charles Lamb.

The year my book arrives he will
be reading Shakespeare.

The year your book is published,
gentle reader, let up hope that Henry
Tompkins and all the little Tomp-
kinses will be dead.

The Status of Capitalism

(Continued from page Two)

to read "The Decay of Capitalist Civilization" is quite refreshing. Indeed, taking this up after reading their "Industrial Democracy" is like reading Oscar Wilde's "Importance of Being Earnest" after his "Dorian Gray."

The Webbs offer us, here, not a constructive Socialism, nor even a direct indictment of Capitalism. They merely attempt to show that Capitalism "though it never fulfilled the condition completely, and in many cases violated it with every circumstance of outrage, yet there was a moment, roughly placeable at the middle of the nineteenth century, when it could claim that, in a hundred years, it had produced on balance, a surprising advance in material civilization for greatly increased population. But—from that moment to the present, it has been receding from defeat to defeat, beaten even more and more hopelessly by the social problems created by the very civilization it has built up, the very fecundity it has encouraged,—— it began to decay before it reached maturity, not as an epoch but as an episode, and in the main a tragic episode or Dark Age, between two epochs."

The subject-matter of the treatise falls into three main divisions. In the first section an attempt is made—and a brilliant one at that—to show the inequalities of the present system. The book opens with a description of poverty. We all know what slums are, we have a pretty good idea of what abject poverty is like, yet try as we will, we find all our preconceived prejudices vanishing when this scene is laid bare before our eyes. Determined as one may be not to be taken in by Socialist sophistry, he is completely won over.

"There is a moral miasma as deadly as the physical.—Breathing from infancy up, an atmosphere of morbid alcoholism and sexuality, furtive larceny and unashamed mendacity—though here and there a moral genius may survive, saddened but unscathed—the average man is, mentally as well as physically poisoned. The destitution—is thus a degradation of character, a spiritual demoralization, a destruction of human personality itself."

There is no gainsaying such words as these.

What really arouses the ire of the Webbs, however, is the fact that this penury and its accompanying starvation are rendered more hideous and humiliating by the relative comfort and luxury of the proprietary class, and by the "shameless idleness" of some of its members. All other classes they can excuse.

"The mining engineer, the captain of the merchant ship, the passenger superintendent of the railway, the bank manager, the literary or scientific writer or teacher, the inventor, the designer, the organizer, and those who under various names actually spend their lives in initiating and directing enterprises of social utility, together with the innumerable other 'brain-working' participants may all be assumed to be co-operating in the making of the product, and to be legitimately earning a maintenance for their families and themselves," although, how far their several incomes bear any relation to the social values of their respective services is a disputable question. Such non-producing parasites, however, as those who live on incomes derived from others, and who do no actual good in this world, are to the Webbs the greatest blight upon civilization in

the existence of mankind. At this point, the supposed report of the "Cosmic Inspector," whereby it is assumed that the Earth is the Planetary Lunatic Asylum, is an interesting diversion which smacks more of the Wellsian than of the Webbsian.

There is one chapter, by the way, in this first section called the "Inequality of Personal Freedom" which must have been taken direct from Hyde Park. A chapter of this sort seems awkward and misplaced in an academic treatise—but there is one redeeming feature, the couple of pages dealing with the glaring inequalities in law. Were the whole book of the weak calibre of this chapter, these few pages would still be the redeeming feature. I refrain from quoting from it so that all who have not read it, may have that exquisite pleasure of reading it for themselves for the first time from the original.

The next section is peculiarly in the style of the Webbs,—brilliant, compact, but so overlaid with quotations and excerpts as to make it tiresome. It is the kind where one skips whole paragraphs, and even glances quickly over pages, without feeling very sorry for it. These chapters, however, are the real nucleus of the book, for here the Webbs bring out their thesis which is this: A century and a half ago, Capitalism started its ride into power; soon it occupied the seats of the mighty and dominated all things; this power it used ruthlessly, but yet for the material good of mankind; the time has come, however, when Capitalism, already decaying for over half a century, is ready to be superseded by Socialism, seeing that "the very basis of the Capitalist system is scientifically unsound as a means of organizing the production and distribution of commodities and services, and fundamentally inconsistent with the spiritual advancement of the race"

There is paraded before our eyes all the evils of Capitalism, one by one: crisis, ruthlessness, wanton destruction, ruin of natural resources, the worsening of commodities, the supply of pernicious commodities and services, the hypertrophy of selling agencies, parasitic middlemen, over-production and under-production, and last, but not least, the growth of monopoly and the negation of individual freedom and enterprise. This last point, it seems to me, is not brought out as forcibly as it might be. The Webbs, however, do show something of the increasing power of trusts, cartels, amalgamations and the like. There remains what they call "the forced alternative," whereby "either the trusts will own the nation, or the nation must own the trusts."

The last chapter is rather a skilful attempt to show that Capitalism is the cause of wars. One cannot help feeling, however, that this is merely another of those "who-killed-Cock-Robin Stories" whereby the war was blamed on everything from the hypermania of a particular ruler to the oiliness of national desires.

"The Decay of Capitalist Civilization" gives one plenty of room for serious thought, whether he be reactionary, conservative or radical socialist. It adds nothing new to the field of Economics, as a science or as a philosophy. The treatise, in fact, is really nothing extraordinary—yet one is just so much the richer for having read it.

VAGABOND

A gaunt rough man with ragged dusty hair
Unkempt above a sallow wind-burned face

In which was something farmers could not place—

A look about the eyes, perhaps, a care

For certain things he could not share

With them, nor with another tramp, a trace

Of strange, half-hidden, unexpected grace—

They called him "lazy vagabond Pierre."

He used to walk the roads and railway ties

And did odd jobs at plough or harvesting,

And when the first snow fell he went away—

Up north to trapper's camps, the farmers say.

They called him good-for-nothing, but their eyes

I thought, were eager for him in the spring.

—A. J. M. S.

Midnight Mass

(Continued from page one)

the crowded building he could go to his room now and sleep. This had been his Mass.

The service seemed to draw out to an interminable length and a numb weariness took possession of him: he followed the movements of the congregation mechanically, rising when they rose, kneeling when they knelt, and keeping awake only with an effort. Once the girl at his side did not rise and he saw that she slept. The hand that clasped the rosary drooped over the back of the pew before her. She turned her head uneasily so that Parlowe found himself observing her face. It was pale and delicately pretty, its regular features framed with pale-gold hair. It was the gentle relaxation of the face which seemed to stir him. Her lips moved lightly as though still repeating some prayer. The elderly couple with whom she had come were oblivious of her, absorbed completely in their devotions.

When the service at last drew to an end Parlowe made his way from the building in a daze. Outside snow was sifting lightly down. People exchanged greetings, laughing and calling to one another as they hurried toward their homes and the early festivities of Christmas. He moved in an exalted air of peace and harmony, conscious that the ecstasy of these memories could never quite leave him now. He recalled them as he walked, blended with the music of the organ and the sombre notes of the baritone voice. And one with this aftermath seemed the pale face of the girl in black and the touch of her arm against his side. He was at peace.

Walking rapidly, he found himself gaining upon a girl still some paces ahead of him. No one else was moving on this stretch of street. She was a slim creature, fur-clad and jauntily-hatted, whose costume and carriage even from the back suggested coquetry. He caught a heavy aroma of violet perfume as he drew nearer. She turned and smiled at him, her face a white oval pierced with dark spots for

eyes in the yellow light of the street lamp, moved on more slowly for a few yards and then stepped into the unlighted doorway of an apartment house. Moving without conscious thought, George loitered past the same entrance, not looking into its shadowy space. Warm fingers touched his arm caressingly.

He turned and faced the girl who leaned toward him with one hand upon the open door.—G. M.

The Leaden Eyed

LET not young souls be smothered out before
They do quaint deeds and fully flaunt their pride.
It is the world's one crime its babes grow dull,
Its poor are ox-like, limp and leaden-eyed.
Not that they starve, but starve so dreamlessly;
Not that they sow, but that they seldom reap;
Not that they serve, but have no gods to serve.
Not that they die, but that they die like sheep.

—Vachel Lindsay.

Cologne Cathedral

THE little white prayers
Of Elspeth Fry
Float up the arches
Into the sky.

A little black bird
On the belfry high
Pecks at them
As they go by.

—Frances Shaw

APPOINTMENT

We beg to announce the appointment of Alan B. Latham as Associate Editor of the Literary Supplement in succession to Otto Klineberg, who has resigned on account of the pressure of work. Mr. Klineberg, who is in final year medicine, will however, find time to contribute occasionally to the Supplement.